THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, March* 28, 1807. *No.* 13.

For the Observer.

THE CAMELEON, No. V.....BY THOMAS FICKLE, ESQ.

I had seated myself in order to write the promised speculation, when I received the following letter from a friend. His observations accord with mine, and as it would be impossible for me to offer any thing better, I publish his letter as I received it.

To THOMAS FICKLE, ESQUIRE.

DEAR SIR,

I promised some time since to describe the principal ministers of the gospel in this city. Sensible of my inability, to estimate with propriety their respective merits, and consequently apprehensive that the following remarks may not obtain your approbation, it is with diffidence that I submit them. Permit me, however, to observe in extenuation of any neglect on my part, that on so delicate a subject, a writer is necessarily prevented from entering as fully into the discussion as he would wish... Should the subsequent observations attract the attention of either of the gentlemen whom I have endeavoured to delineate, my purpose will be fully answered.

Mr. * is the first whom I shall describe. This gentleman though young, has amassed a valuable store of theological learning. Having had in the commencement of his course an opportunity of selecting as models, some of the greatest orators of his country, he availed himself of the advantage which he enjoyed, and though his mind was inclined towards the study of divinity, he relished and cultivated the graces of eloquence. With a manly voice and an elegant pronunciation ; with a refined taste and a sound understanding, he promises to be eminent in his profession. His sermons are composed with accuracy, his reasoning is clear and forcible, and on some occasions where it is necessary to address the passions, he is peculiarly successful. A pulpit orator should not only convince but persuade ; and to do this he should give full scope to his imagination. He should not, be too grave, for however necessary gravity may be on some occasions, it may be carried to excess. Mr. * errs, I think, in this respect. He has an air of solemnity, which although regarded as a recommendation by many of his audience, prevents his sermons from having their full effect. Religion is far from be-

ing austere; she is on the contrary, amiable and attracting; she is persuasive, not commanding, and diffuses cheerfulness wherever she appears.

Dr. ** is the next who demands our attention. The correctness of his conversation, and the propriety of language with which his sermons are composed, denote the scholar; the solidity of his arguments and the extensive knowledge of theology which he displays in the exposition of scriptural doctrines, evince the learned and profound divine. In his delivery he is perhaps faulty. Though he has a good voice, he is not as happy as I could wish, in the management of it; his pronunciation is distinct and his emphasis in general proper; but his cadence is disagreeable and sometimes grating to the ear. Attention to this circumstance would probably remedy the deffect, and he would then as an orator, be inferior to few. In the performance of his pastoral duties he is regular; as a representative of the venerable church of which he is a member, he acts with firmness and dignity. Between this gentleman and the one whom I have just delineated, it is difficult to decide with justice to whom the preference should be given. They are both men of exalted worth and would do honor to any profession.

I come now to one whose merits it is almost impossible too highly to appreciate. Mr. *** composes with elegance, and delivers with grace. His sermons display the union of correctness of judgment with vivacity of imagination, and he gives an air of novelty to the most trite subjects. One of the causes of this gentleman's superiority is the great attention which he devotes to the preparation of his discourses. The inferiority of the more modern preachers to those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is owing in a great measure to the innovation introduced by the former...I mean that of preaching by notes. This is attended with less trouble, but it is certainly less persuasive. The speaker delivers himself with partial force and a degree of coldness. Mr. *** possesses in this respect a peculiar advantage. His sermons, however,are not extemporaneous effusions, in which there would be needless repetitions; they are composed in his closet and carefully committed to memory. He has thus the advantage of perceiving the effect of his observations upon the audience, and of giving full exertion to his feelings. Though nature has not given him a strong voice, though his accent is rather disagreeable to an American ear, yet his recommendations are so numerous, that these imperfections are scarcely perceived. His sentiments appear in his countenance, he feels the importance of his subject and displays it in its most striking light. We think we feel as he does; we are hurried away by the force of his eloquence, ; "attention watches his lips, conviction closes his periods." Perhaps, if he would restrain in the slightest degree the vivacity of his feelings and be a little more grave, he would be more perfect. This, however, is merely

suggested as an opinion, and possibly it is a solitary one, If in restraining his action, he should assume a dull, uniform solemnity, this would be the other extreme. But there is a proper union of gravity and warmth, to which this gentleman very nearly approaches, It is what the French call *onction*; "that affecting, penetrating and interesting manner which flows from a strong sense in the preacher of the truths which he delivers, and an earnest desire that they make full impression on the hearts of his hearers."

In private life Mr. *** is amiable. In all the various duties of a christian he is exemplary, and he regards with pleasure the happiness of his fellow-creatures. Whilst he pays a proper deference to the opinions of age, he views with a lenient eye, the follies of youth. His benevolence is depicted on his countenance, and his religion is shewn in his actions. With such qualities can we, ought we to refuse him the palm?

Yours, &c.

X.

A DEFENCE OF THE USE OF THE BIBLE,

AS A SCHOOL BOOK.

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By Benjamin Rush, M. D.....(Continued from p. 189.)

We are subject, by a general law in our natures, to what is called *habit*. Now if the study of the scriptures be necessary to our happiness at any time of our lives, the sooner we begin to read them, the more we shall be attached to them; for it is peculiar to all the acts of habit, to become easy, strong and agreeable by repetition.

It is a law in our natures, that we remember *longest* the knowledge we acquire by the greatest number of our senses. Now a knowledge of the contents of the Bible, is acquired in school by the aid of the *eyes* and the *ears*; for children after getting their lessons, always say them to their masters in an audible voice; of course there is a presumption, that this knowledge will be retained much longer than if it had been acquired in any other way.

The interesting events and characters, recorded and described in the Old and New Testaments, are accommodated above all others to seize upon all the faculties of the minds of children. The understanding, the memory, the imagination, the passions, and the moral powers, are all occasionally addressed by the various incidents which are contained in those divine books, insomuch as not to be delighted with them, is to be devoid of every principle of pleasure that exists in a sound mind.

There is a native love of *truth* in the human mind. Lord Shaftesbury says, that "truth is so congenial to our minds, that we love even the *shadow* of it:" and Horace, in his rules for composing an epick poem, refers to the same law of our natures,

by advising the "fictions in poetry to resemble truth." Now the Bible contains more truths than any other book in the world: so true is the testimony that it bears of God in his works of creation, providence and redemption, that it is called *truth* itself, by way of pre-eminence above things that are only simply true. How forcibly are we struck with the evidences of truth, in the history of the Jews, above what we discover in the history of other nations? where do we find a hero, or an historian record his own faults or vices except in the Old Testament? indeed, from some accounts which I have read of the American revolution, I begin to grow sceptical to all history except to that which is contained in the Bible. Now if this book be known to contain nothing but what is materially true, the mind will naturally acquire a love for it from this circumstance; and from this affection for the truths of the Bible, it will acquire a discernment of truth in other books, and a preference of it in all the transactions of life.

There is a wonderful property in the *memory*, which enables it in old age, to *recover* the knowledge it had acquired in early life, after it had been apparently forgotten for forty or fifty years. Of how much consequence then, must it be, to fill the mind with that species of knowledge, in childhood and youth, which, when *recalled* in the decline of life, will support the soul under the infirmities of age, and smooth the avenues of approaching death? the Bible is the only book which is capable of affording this support to old age; and it is for this reason that we find it resorted to with so much diligence and pleasure by such old people as have read it in early life. I can recollect many instances of this kind in persons who discovered no attachment to the Bible in the meridian of their days, who have notwithstanding, spent the evening of them, in reading no other book. The late Sir John Pringle, physician to the Queen of England, after passing a long life in camps and at court, closed it by studying the scriptures. So anxious was he to increase his knowledge in them, that he wrote to Dr. Michaelis, a learned professor of divinity in Germany, for an explanation of a difficult text of scripture, a short time before his death.

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 182.)

The strange levity of his (Voltaire's) character, and the rapid transition of his emotions, is well illustrated by the following anecdote.

'When I went to condole with him on the death of Madame Duchâtelet, his most beloved mistress, "Come," said he on see-

ing me, "come and share my sorrow. I have lost my illustrious friend; I am in despair, I am inconsolable." I, to whom he had often said that she was like a fury that haunted his steps, and who knew that in their disputes they had more than once been at daggers drawn, I let him weep, and seemed to sympathise with him. And there he was exhausting language in the praises of that incomparable woman, and redoubling his tears and his sobs. At this moment arrives the intendant Chauvelin, who tells him some ridiculous story, and with him Voltaire is bursting with laughter. I laughed, too, as I went away, to see in this great man the facility of a child, in passing from one extreme to another in the passions that agitated him. One only was fixed in him, and, as it were, inherent in his soul; it was ambition and love of glory.' I. p. 382. 383.

The same traits appear still more conspicuously in our author's account of the visit which he paid to him at Ferney.

'Nothing can be more singular, nor more original, than the reception Voltaire gave us. He was in bed when we arrived. He extended to us his arms; he wept for joy as he embraced me; he embraced the son of his old friend, M. Gaulard, with the same emotion. "You find me dying," said he, "do you come to restore me to life, or to receive my last sighs?" My companion was alarmed at this preface; but I, who had a hundred times heard Voltaire say he was dying, gave Gaulard a gentle sign of encouragement. And indeed, a moment afterward, the dying man, making us sit down by his bed-side, "My dear friend," said he, "how happy I am to see you! particularly at the moment when I have a man with me whom you will be charmed to hear. It is M. de l'Ecluse, the surgeon-dentist of the late king of Poland, now the lord of an estate near Montargis, and who has been pleased to come to repair the irreparable teeth of Madame Denis. He is a charming man: but don't you know him?" ..."The only l'Ecluse that I know," answered I, "is an actor of the old comic-opera house."..."'Tis he, my friend, 'tis he himself. If you know him, you have heard the song of the *Grinder*, that he plays and sings so well." And there was Voltaire instantly imitating l'Ecluse, and with his bare arms and sepulchral voice, playing the *Grinder*, and singing the song:

'Oh! where can I put her?
My sweet little girl!
Oh! where can I put her?
They'll steal her and . . . . .

'We were bursting with laughter; and he quite serious: "I imitate him very ill," said he; "'tis l'Ecluse that you must hear, and his song of the *Spinner!* and that of the *Postillion!* and the quarrel of the *Apple-women with Vadé!* 'tis truth itself. Oh! you will be delighted. Go and speak to Madame Denis. I, ill as I am, will get up to dine with you. We'll eat some wild-fowl, and we'll listen to M. de l'Ecluse. The pleasure of seeing you

has suspended my ills, and I feel myself quite revived." Madame Denis, received us with that cordiality which made the charm of her character. She introduced M. de l'Ecluse to us; and at dinner Voltaire engaged him, by the most flattering praises, to offord us the pleasure of hearing him. He displayed all his talents, and we appeared charmed with them. It was very requisite; for Voltaire would not have pardoned us a feeble applause.' (II. p. 251....253.)...' He retired to his closet for a few hours; and in the evening, at supper, kings and their mistresses, being the subject of our conversation, Voltaire, in comparing the spirit and gallantry of the old and new courts, displayed to us that rich memory which nothing interesting ever escaped. From Madame de la Villière to Madame de Pompadour, the anecdote history of the two reigns, and in the interval that of the regency, passed in review with a rapidity and a brilliancy of beauty and colouring that dazzled us. Yet he reproached himself with having stolen from M. de l'Ecluse moments which, he said, he would have occupied more agreeably for us. He begged him to indemnify us by a few scenes of the *Apple-woman*, and he laughed at them like a child.' II. p. 266.

The following passage sums up his character in a manner we think neither exaggerated nor unfavourable.

'He had sought glory by all the roads that are open to genius, and had deserved it by immense labours and brilliant successes. The arm of ridicule was the instrument of his vengeance, and he wielded it most fearfully and cruelly. But the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown to him. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and the enthusiasm of a whole people, grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them, *Iréne*, was applauded as *Zaïre* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation reach him, the recompense of so much watching! The next day I saw him in his bed "Well," said I, "are you at last satiated with glory?"... "Ah! my good friend," he replied, "you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!"

'Such was the end of one of the most illustrious of all literary men, and one of the most engaging of all social companions. He was alive to injury, but so he was to friendship. That with which he honoured my youth, was unvaried till his death; and a last proof that he shewed me of it, was the reception, full of grace and kindness, which he gave my wife, when I presented her to him. His house was perpetually filled with the crowd that pressed to see him, and we were witnesses of the fatigue he gave himself to reply suitably to each. That continual attention exhausted his strength; and for his true friends

it was a painful spectacle. But we were of his suppers, and it was there we enjoyed the last glimmerings of that brilliant intellect which was soon to be wholly extinguished.' III. p. 217.—19.

If we had room for any more extracts upon this subject, we should be tempted to present our readers with the exemplary history of M. Lefranc de Pompignon, *philosophe de Province*, who on his admission to the French academy, had the boldness to deliver an oration directed against the speculations of Voltaire and his associates in the *Encyclopedie*. Immediately he was attacked by that terrible ridicule against which it was difficult to stand any where, and absolutely impossible to make head at Paris. Voltaire tasked himself to produce every day a new piece of pleasantry at his expence, and kept his word with such unrelenting vigour, that at last the children in the street sung his verses of derision, and pointed at his unfortunate victim whenever he appeared abroad; so that in a short time he was driven back to the country, where he died, like a true Frenchman, of vexation and mortified vanity. But it is time, before closing the book, to see if it offords matter for any more general observations.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————————'

(Continued from page 182.)

As the political life and opinions of Mr. Fox have been already detailed, it now remains to say something of him as a man of letters. His *magnum opus*, which had engaged his attention for years, was a history of the period which immediately preceded and followed the revolution: a subject alike congenial to his feelings and his habits. We understand that he was offered a very large sum of money for it, by a spirited bookseller, about three years since; but it was then, and is still, we fear, in an unfinished state.

His "Letter to the Electors of Westminster," published in 1793, and which passed through no less than thirteen editions within a few months, may be in some measure considered as a legacy to posterity, as it contains a full and ample apology for his conduct during the former war with France.

Of his compositions while at Eton, the whole have been enumerated in chronological order.

In the character of Mr. Fox, the most conspicuous part was that frankness or candour, which distinguished him from most other men, and from all other politicians. Bold and resolute in public; in private life he was peculiarly mild and gentle, bland in his manners, and captivating in his conversation. Thus, while in St. Stephen's Chapel he assailed corruption with Stentorian voice and Herculean energy; at St. Anne's-hill he exhibited all the urbanity, and cultivated all the blandishments of domestic retirement.

Possessed of a sanguine temperament, his follies at one period of his life, like his virtues at another, were carried to extremes. He sacrificed his nights and his days, his health and his fortune, to the worship of the blind goddess; and not content with his triumphs in St. Stephen's chapel, he aspired to give laws to Newmarket.* His keen and penetrating eye would follow a favourite courser from the starting-post to the goal; his heart would pant with expectation as the race drew towards a conclusion; and that voice (fated to be more honourably and more usefully employed, in regulating the interests of an empire), was then prodigally wasted in cheering the foaming steed, and applauding the victorious rider.

At length, abjuring the follies of the day, he began to use the arms, and practise the arts of a great statesman. We have already beheld him combating the authors of the American war, in conjunction with a chosen band of patriots, who with himself are now no more: but whose reputation, like his own, will float down the stream of time, and only be forgotten when their country ceases to exist as an independent nation.

During the conflict that sprung out of the French revolution, he fought at the head of an embattled legion, some of the members of which have ceased to exist, while others still survive him. In one house was seen a Lansdown, celebrated for his political penetration, which, like the eye of the lynx, could discover the approach of danger, and detect the hidden snare, spread by the secret hand of corruption; a Russel, who perished prematurely in the flower of manhood, at once adorned and lamented by all who approached him; a Lauderdale, bold, manly, and energetic, hated by the zealots of despotism, but from whose talents and exertions Europe at this moment expects an honourable peace.

In another assembly, by his side was seen a Francis, whose integrity in the East served for a while to restore the sullied honor of the English name; a Townshend and a Fitzpatrick, the companions of his youth, and the friends of his old age; Grey, at that period ennobled only by his virtues and his talents; a She-

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* A portion of the race ground is actually called the F. C. or Fox course, at this day. It ought not to be omitted in this place, however, that Mr. Fox always withdrew his name from Brookes's, the moment he accepted of any employment.

ridan, the lustre of whose public character has thrown all the irregularities and eccentricities of his private life into shade; and who, by a rare union of wit, argument, and eloquence, has by turns ridiculed, confuted, and dismayed, the enemies of the public weal.

This, which may be termed the *Theban band*, also numbered in its ranks a Coke, a Plumer, and a Byng, and withstood for a series of years all the arts of corruption and all the allurements of office on one hand, while it braved all the terrors of power on the other.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Crimination of the conduct of all the powers of Europe....(Continued.)

UNITED STATES.

When Cervantes, Moliere, la Bruyere, &c. &c. drew the characters which immortalized them, every one successively applauded those pictures, in which no resemblance could be traced to themselves. The coward was delighted to echo the laugh when the prowess of knighthood was the theme of satire; the volatile were amused at the expence of credulous husbands and guardians; these were charmed to join in the chorus, when the scene represented misanthropes, and *precieuse ridicules*, who in their turn were highly amused when the impostures of the *Tartuffe's* were unmasked. Thus like those concave mirrors which presenting nature in her truest, but least flattering colours, every one involuntarily recedes from the hideousness of mein they reflect; so criticism, or rather truth, pleases only whilst it does not direct the eye to that part of the mirror, in which we behold undisguised those points of deformity in ourselves, which glare on the sight of others.

Must then the historian be silent, must the satirist throw down the pen, when in taking a retrospect of the follies and errors of mankind, he has to delineate the faults of his countrymen...no, without doubt; such exceptions could only be made, by base flatterers, or pitiful slaves, whose accents are modulated by self-interest alone.

After having skimmed the surface of the old world, whilst like the dove of the ark after the deluge, we have found no rest for the foot, not a single leaf of the olive branch; if we direct our attention to a scene far removed from the crater of these calamities, in hopes, at length, to find men and governments shielded from reproach; must we in the tablet of this phrenetic age, omit the imprudencies and errors which distant nations have committed; as if their distance from the theatre of this wondrous tragedy had suffered them to remain absolute strangers

to its scenes, and would yet suffice to render them indifferent to its results! A timid reserve which others will not think imposed on them, must not prevent us from rendering this sketch complete.

In the country which we inhabit, the mistakes under which many persons have remained with regard to the causes of the French revolution, and the persons who have conducted it for 18 years, may be justly attributed to the effect of distance. Perhaps, too, the powerful magic of the word *liberty*, so strangely attached to this revolution, may have spread as great an illusion over it in distant regions, as had deceived almost all the nations of Europe, although from their proximity to the scene of these terrible convulsions, they could better judge of the evils which must necessarily arise from them.

But now, that we hear around us the frequent murmur of malediction against the *French Colossus*; now that tardy wishes are multiplied on every side, that his triumphal car may be dashed in pieces, that he may no longer brandish the rod of victory over prostrate nations: should we not do well to consider, whether amongst those who now utter complaints and imprecations, there are not many, who but a little while ago, imprudently applauded every thing that this revolutionary hydra, (under whatever form he presented himself) undertook, to overthrow every attempt that might be made to set some limits to his insatiable ambition, without reflecting, that even from the very nature of his essence, he could not suffer mankind to be at peace!

Yes, it would be easy amply to prove, that the new world has been no less blinded than the old, by the fascination which concealed from all eyes, the abyss which was preparing before them. The *proces verbaux* of the NATIONAL CONVENTION bear on record the memorable fraternal union of the flag of the United States with the *national colours of France*, at one of the most terrible periods of the French revolution; the *Moniteur* will transmit, with the details of the affair of Pichegru, Georges and Moreau, the *congratulations* which Buonaparte received, on the arrestation of these *scoundrels* on the part of the last minister of this republic; and all the papers of the French empire, testify the renewed *felicitations* which *Napoleon* received from the same ambassador, when all Europe was exasperated and alarmed at the blow which France levelled at the inviolability of ambassadors, when Bonaparte was on the point of seizing the person of Mr. Drake, the English minister at Munich?

And, at what a period, great God! were such felicitations offered!...such protestations of regard, of admiration, &c. &c.... It was at the very moment of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and when Bonaparte overturned the DEMOCRACY, to erect himself into a despot, and to bend the whole universe beneath the scourge of despotism!

It may be observed, that it was still more surprising, that these steps should be taken, and these the measures pursued in the pala-

ces of the Kings of France, as that it was precisely in the same place, the liberty of the United States had been vowed and consecrated ...and further, it is not less known, that the independence of North America had been one of the causes which had led the French monarchy into enormous costs; in the first place by secret disbursements of the minister, the Duke de Choiseul, and then by the immense expence of the sudden restoration of the navy, which had in fact occasioned the important *deficit* in the finances for the liquidation of which Louis the XVI. had been obliged to convoke a meeting of the states general, who very soon precipitated him from his throne.

I well know what the factions of France have held forth, to serve as a pretext to their clamours against what they called the *dilapidations of the ancient regime;* but history will not the less recognise, that this *deficit* originated in the honourable cause I have here deduced, and which I from cite known and indisputable facts.

Without doubt the more recent steps, which form, in part, the subject of this article, are attributable to the minister of the United States then residing at Paris, and not at all to his nation, who could not be informed of these proceedings, until many months after their execution; but it is not less true that by a multiplicity of similar incidents, to which the whole American territory has been witness, the United States have themselves concurred, until now, "*in drawing the neutral flag over the heel of Achilles.*"..... This just and eloquent figure, so happily employed by Mr. Randolph in the Congress of last year, renders any further disquisition unnecessary, and completes the proof of that which general Dumourier long ago asserted, "*that all that has been done by the various powers since the commencement of the French Revolution, was precisely that which they ought not to have done, and that they have constantly left undone, those things which they ought to have done.**

These circumstances candour will acknowledge, could not, nor should not have been omitted, in the picture which I have here sketched, and in a work, whose motto, is "the friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato, but above all THE FRIEND OF TRUTH".

M. A.

* The picture of Europe.

A LADY'S TOILET READINGS.

[The following stanzas, from a sonnet entitled *Change of Fortune*, are truly expressive of the pitiful passions of the world.]

Once fortune smil'd, and plenty crown'd my board,
The clust'ring vine obscur'd the noon tide glare,
My loaded trees supplied the winters hoard,
And friends would flock, my garden sweets to share.
Revers'd the scene! my native woods adieu!
No longer flowers bloom, or friends inquire;
The smooth civilities to shew are due;
And cordial warmth, with fortune's gifts expire.

On Hospitality—from specimens of Hindoo Literature.

As the sensitive plant shrinks from the slightest touch, so does an unkind look cause the countenance of a depenant to fall. It may be added, that the mere smelling of the sensitive plant, will not, if it be untouched, occasion it to shrink ; but a look without a word, will suffice, fatally to *close up*, as it were, the comfort of a dependant.

VARIETY.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 28th of March 1636, the celebrated Jaques Callot, died at Nancy, aged 42 years. He was a gentleman of the province of Lorraine, and became famous for the excellence of his engravings in aqua forta, the fertility of his genius in ludicrous compositions, and the high consideration in which they were held equally by men of letters, artists and amateurs. He was so faithfully attached to the family and rights of the Dukes de Lorraine, his former sovereigns, that when Louis the XIII. king of France, who had frequently given him very lucrative employment, took *Nancy*, the capital of Lorraine, and wished him to make him an engraving of the conquest, he begged to be excused. The courtiers endeavoured to persuade him to consent, and represented to him the fear of his being disgraced if he refused...but he publicly declared, *that he would cut off his right arm, rather than do any thing against the honor of his prince and of his country.* The king, informed of his firmness, highly applauded it, saying that " the Duke de Lorraine was happy in possessing such faithful subjects. He even offered Callot a pension of 1000 crowns (a considerable support at that time,) but Callot thought it his duty to refuse it, and remained in his native country until his death.

RABELAIS.

When *Rabelais*, the great jester of France, lay on his death-bed they gave him extreme unction ; and a familiar friend of his coming to him afterwards, asked him how he did. *Rabelais* answered, just going my journey ; they have greased my boots already.

Rabelais tells a tale of one who was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the said course, but could uever compound any : Whereupon he came to his father, and asked him ; what art he had to reconcile differences ? He answered, he had no other but this ; to watch when two parties were wearied, and their hearts too great to seek reconcilement at each other's hand ; then to mediate betwixt them : and upon no other terms. After which, the son went home, and prospered in the same undertaking.

[Although our city readers have most probably, generally seen SALMAGUNDI,...yet we cannot forbear extracting the following ludicrous and admirable description for the gratification of distant subscribers...we were almost apprehensive that the wit which sparkled with such continual brilliancy in the first numbers, would have too soon wasted its fire...but we are delighted to find that the 5th number even perhaps surpasses those which preceded it, in vivacity and humour, and that the genious and satirical talents of the facetious editors, appear to be as inexhaustible as the subjects that call them forth.]

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's sarcastic turn, who is never to be put out of humour with himself; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap and returned it to his pocket, I drew him to a corner, where we might observe the company, without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?"...that, cried I, is Miss LAURELIA DASHAWAY...she is the highest flash of the ton...has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms...you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet. But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is BILLY DIMPLE...he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba, and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies...a hero at tea parties, and is famous at the *pirouet* and the pigeon-wing...a fiddle-stick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard, "he reminds me of a cotemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and me were great cronies...hand and glove... one of the most condescending great men I ever knew,...Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cock's tails and pea-cocks feathers!... it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colors and gew-gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buzz, slip-slop clack and perfume; who should enter but TUCKY SQUASH! The yellow beauties blushed blue, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation of fans...every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky, for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of

Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip ! his shins had the true cucumber curve...his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frize of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness, he could whistle like a north-wester...play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo ;...and as to dancing, no Long-Island negro could shuffle you " double trouble," or "hoe corn and dig potatoes" more scientifically ; in short, he was a second Lothario, and the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body ; and his *non-chalance* was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his travellers stories, and there is no knowing how far we would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the music struck up, from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of " the Devil among the Tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly : and many a torn gown, and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night ; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies cob-web muslins and sprangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder, that like pious Eneas on his first interview with queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene. She was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip ; and being braced up in the fashionable style, with whalebone, stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple-pudding tied in the middle, or, taking her flaming dress into considerations, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished...I would gladly have taken Will off, but no—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We solicit those of our subscribers, both in town and country, who are not regularly furnished with The Observer, to signify the omissions at the office, and the numbers deficient shall be supplied without delay... We must hope for the indulgence of our readers in this respect, as we have found it extremely difficult to meet with such carriers as might be depended on ; and the papers sent by the post, have in some way or other frequently miscarried.

By the earliest spring arrivals, we expect a valuable supply of Books from London and Paris, which will we hope, enable us to offer our readers, agricultural and other interesting intelligence, we have not yet had it in our power to obtain.

We request those persons at a distance, who may receive THE OBSERVER, but do not intend patronizing the work, to favour us with their determination as soon as possible.

We were not less delighted than surprised, on receiving some charming verses from a poet last week, whose lines on "The American Forest in Autumn," would do honour to the pages of Thomson. Philo-Natura, who is so favourd a votary of the nine, cannot be deficient in gallantry; he therefore will not certainly refuse the solicitations of a lady...but will permit Mistress Beatrice to embellish the Observer with his graceful numbers whenever he awakens the lyre.

We would ask T. Fickle Esq. of his essay of to-day, *Cui bono?*

We confess ourselves incapable of comprehending the meaning of L's high wrought lucubrations—he truly

Weaves fine cobwebs fit for scull,
That's empty when the moon is full,
Such as take lodging in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

The Count de *Maurepas,* minister of war under Louis the XV. was one of the most accomplished courtiers of the age and possessed great facility in writing songs and that light species of poetry which the French denominate, *vers de societè*...Some ladies of the Court begged him one day to tell them what were their *sins*. There were seven who made the request. The Count immediately addressed them every one a tetrastic, each bearing the title of one of the capital sins. We extract two of the prettiest, which merit being known...and shall be much pleased if any of our ingenious readers, will favor us with a translation of them.

L'ORGUEIL.

(A Madame Vidame de Montfleury.)

L'orgueil vous doit une changement bien doux;
Jadis il passait pour une vice;
Mais depuis qu'il a l'honneur d'etre a vous
On le pendrait pour la justice.

LA PARASSE.

(A Madame Sophie de Lucè.)

A ce péche vous semblez vous livrer...
Quand on est si sur de plaire,
Sophie on fait bien de se reposer;
Il ne reste plus rien a faire.

MARRIED

On Thursday, March 19, Robert Dickey, Esq. of New-York to Miss AnnBrown, daughter of Dr. Brown, of this city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ELEGY.

The dance on the green, by the streamlet, is o'er,
And mirth and gay laughter all s rangely are fled ;
The heart, to sweet music, reverb'rates no more,
For the pride of the village is dead !

Now steals from each eye, tender sympathy's tear,
And bursts of sad anguish, resound from each breast ;—
But vain is the sigh, of the bosom sincere,
For Eliza's forever at rest !——

Then farewell, dear maiden !—peace, peace to thy shade ;
And light may the turf on thy sw eet bosom bear—
The white rose shall perfume the spot where thou'rt laid,
And turtles mourn plaintively there ! FREDERICK.

SELECTED.

[The following tender and beautiful song, is from the pen of Mrs. Opie.]

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fa'e. dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot ;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not, forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But, oh ! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not !

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.

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